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6237, Co.F, 3rd MGR

RPO 403,

1/6 Pm. U.Y.



AIR MAIL

*1st X Mrs  
never*

Mrs. R. L. Davis

1619 Boston

Muskogee, Oklahoma

23rd December 1944  
Germany

Dear Folks:

What a cook! (Since I can't write of work of work, and there's no social activity, I'll rave about the food. Probably to your relief, mom, after my long inattention to it in my letters.) Tonight we had creamed chicken, and was it creamed! For ~~dinner~~ <sup>dessert</sup> there was a custard pudding served up beautifully in transparent glasses (I), and 3 kinds - in 3 layers - the top chocolate, the middle custard, and the bottom raspberry red. Terific! She slaves unceasingly to make anything tempting - even rolls the butter into little balls as big as your thumbnail - and puts parsley sprigs around. This morning she waxed over enthusiastic, overstepped a little. We had cream of wheat cereal for breakfast - scheduled that was. When we got down a completely new addition to the ways of serving cereals greeted our astonished eyes. She had cooked the cereal into balls, about  $\frac{1}{2}$  as big as <sup>your</sup> fist, and on each plate were several such balls, absolutely inundated in a thick chocolate sauce.

Now the average American, susceptible as he may be in his readied moments for culinary niceties, just doesn't like any adjustments made in what he regards as basic breakfast items. And cereal, milk and cream is basic. When I came down into the room, a couple of the boys were rather unhappily dabbling with their spoons into the chocolate filled soup bowls. As a matter of fact, it was very good, at least to me who is so enthusiastic about sweets. I had one of their loudest laughs of weeks at the spectacle of these healthy Americans, appreciative of the skill, and yet appalled at having so flamboyant a morning menu.


We'll have a surprise for X-mas, as the cook has been mysteriously making cookies, in quantity- and hiding them from interested GI eyes. It should be a great meal.

We now get one pack of cigarettes issued to us a day. They only read about the cigarette shortage up here.

Life here is different from back in France <sup>3</sup>

naturally. As the sign says on the border: "You are now entering enemy territory. Be careful!" And we are. Blackout, so perfunctory in England and France, is stringent here. Not only because of their supervision, but because every one is interested in his <sup>own</sup> 14  $\frac{1}{2}$  neck.

All day and night we hear the guns-boom boom boom. They shake the house and ear with their intermittent dueling. Because it sounds so much like thunder, one pretends it is.

Lots of love - 

P.S. Oh yes: a day after my arrival one of the boys "arranged" for me (1) a new pair of gloves (2) overshoes, new (3) a pullover sweater, army issue, with sleeves and a neck that comes up to the ears, and buttons over the throat.